

## **Real Man 9**

### Chapter 9

He had made up his mind to live a different life, and he wanted to confirm if his choice was right.

He wanted to see what kind of scenery would unfold at the end of his path.

At least, it wouldn't be as empty as when he stood alone at the peak.

He was about to speak after organizing his thoughts.

"Hey, but Yoo-hyun, you can't drink too much. Social life is not easy at all."

"Hahaha."

The others laughed as Hajoonsuk, who was sitting across from him, shook his head with a playful expression.

Yoo-hyun just smiled.

It was funny to hear him talk about social life in front of the president of Hansung Electronics.

And Hajoonsuk had quit his company in a fit of anger not long after he got a job.

He said he was going to open a restaurant...

Come to think of it, he couldn't go there either.

Yoo-hyun felt sorry for him and let it go with a light smile.

Oh, by the way!

Yoo-hyun leaned toward Kim Hyunsoo and asked him.

“Hyunsoo, how is your mother’s health?”

“Huh? She’s fine. Why?”

“Just wondering. You never know.”

“Kid. You’re so bland.”

“Still, you should make her get a health checkup.”

“I got it, dude.”

It wasn’t just a casual remark.

He didn’t know the exact cause, but Kim Hyunsoo’s mother had passed away from a chronic illness.

Yoo-hyun still felt guilty for not being able to go to the funeral because he was busy.

But Kim Hyunsoo had comforted him all along when Yoo-hyun’s mother died later, and even helped him with the last rites.

He was a grateful guy.

He wanted to help Kim Hyunsoo in any way he could.

As Yoo-hyun looked at Kim Hyunsoo, Kang Junki clapped his hands as if he remembered something.

“Right. Hyunsoo, didn’t you take Hyun’s mother to the hospital when she collapsed?”

“Junki!”

“Ah...”

Kim Hyunsoo put his index finger on his mouth and Kang Junki mumbled as if he had made a mistake.

His expression was clearly hiding something.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Ah, nothing. I just helped her by chance last year. It wasn’t a big deal. She just had anemia. Junki, you’re really...”

Kim Hyunsoo answered Yoo-hyun’s question and glared at Kang Junki again before muttering to himself.

“I told you not to tell Hyun that his mother was worried about him.”

“...”

So that’s what happened.

He owed Kim Hyunsoo a lot in many ways.

Yoo-hyun felt a lump in his chest.

“...Thank you, Hyunsoo. Really.”

“What are you talking about? Your mother is like our mother too.”

“...Thank you.”

He had lived so foolishly without knowing anything.

He didn't even know what was going on around him.

He only looked ahead and lived his life.

He felt sorry and sorry again.

Was it because the atmosphere got heavy?

Kim Hyunsoo changed the topic by bringing up Yoo-hyun's younger sister.

“Call Jaehui once. She must be waiting for you.”

“She didn't sound very friendly when I called her.”

“That's how she is. Come on, the mood suddenly got heavy again. Let's drink.”

“Yeah. Come on, one shot. One shot.”

Gulp gulp.

He felt good as the alcohol warmed him up.

He felt even better because he was with these guys.

His heart felt hot.

Was it because he was drunk?

Yoo-hyun said something cheesy that didn't suit him and his friends frowned.

"Hiccup. You know what? I really like you guys."

"This kid is crazy. He's totally drunk, drunk."

"No. I'm serious. I don't need money or success. Really."

"Hehehe, this is the first time I see Yoo-hyun so relaxed. Is this kid going to cause trouble today?"

"When this happens, we have to sober him up. Let's go?"

It was Hajoonsuk's suggestion.

"Oh. Shall we go for a spin?"

"Sure."

Kang Junki and Kim Hyunsoo nodded their heads too.

What are they talking about?

Yoo-hyun came out with a dizzy head and followed his friends.

The place they went to was a surprising one.

It was a batting machine shop in the next block.

It was a place where you could hit flying balls and get scores, and even get dolls depending on your score.

“Ah...”

Suddenly, old memories flooded his mind.

He used to bet with his friends here often.

As memories sprouted in his mind, he heard Kim Hyunsoo’s voice.

“The last one pays for the second round? Okay?”

“Sure. Sure. Sure.”

“Hehehe, Yoo-hyun is out of it, really. You just rest. We’ll go first.”

As Yoo-hyun sat on the bench, Kang Junki stepped up with a confident look.

Clang. Clang.

He swung the baseball bat at the balls that flew fast.

He seemed to have practiced a bit, judging by how well he hit them.

Kim Hyunsoo and Hajoonsuk were the same.

They swung hard as if they didn't want to lose.

Before he knew it, Yoo-hyun fixed his posture and watched the flying balls.

The blurry scene in front of his eyes gradually became clear.

It was because his competitive spirit overpowered his drunkenness.

It was not an easy road to become the president of Hansung Electronics.

He had always been in the world of competition, and this kind of bet made his blood boil after a long time.

Thump thump.

The third one to hit, Kang Junki, came down and patted Yoo-hyun's back.

"Yoo-hyun, don't feel pressured."

There was already a certainty of victory on his face.

It was understandable, since he had hit all 10 balls given to him.

There were ground balls, but also hits and home runs, so his score was quite high.

He was the first among the three.

And it was a pretty high record for this shop, the third place.

The other friends also comforted Yoo-hyun, since their scores were high too.

“It’s okay, dude. Don’t cry. Hehe.”

Especially that guy Hajoonsuk.

He had a special talent for teasing people.

Yoo-hyun just smiled.

“Hoo.”

Yoo-hyun stood at the plate and took a short breath.

He felt the cold touch of the bat in his hand.

It had been a long time since he swung a bat like this.

He didn’t have any chance to swing a baseball bat after he entered the company.

‘It’s not much different from golf.’

Yoo-hyun thought simply.



He fixed his lower body and grabbed the end of the bat and swung it hard.

Vroom.

The bat made a fierce sound as it cut through the air when he used his waist properly.

“Wow. Are you Barry Bonds or something? You won’t hit anything if you do that.”

Yoo-hyun ignored the background noise from behind and swung a few more times.

He imagined there was a ball in front of him and swung the bat at the same spot exactly.

His friends wouldn’t notice, but the trajectories of the three swings were identical as if measured by a ruler.

Clang!

As he put in money, the machine made a humming sound and prepared to spit out balls.

~ Thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump ~

His heart beat fast because of the alcohol.

It felt like he was standing in front of an important presentation.

There were thousands of people in front of him, dozens of cameras and reporters too.

They all focused on Yoo-hyun.

He slowly turned his head and looked at the faces of the crowd.

He felt their breathing, expressions, and hand movements one by one.

He was so sensitive that he could even catch the changing flow of air around him.

Bang!

A ball popped out.

The course was as expected, a middle course.

Now!

Tighten up!

Yoo-hyun clenched the bat and turned his waist as he had practiced before.

He swung the bat with an exaggerated form that was too much for him.

The bat slashed through the air fiercely.

At the right moment, at the right place, the bat flew out.

Clang!

But maybe because Yoo-hyun's bat was slightly higher, the ball went towards the ground.

Maybe because he hit it so hard, the ball made a loud cracking sound and rolled roughly on the floor.

“Wow, you could hit a home run with a ground ball?”

The friends behind him reacted jokingly, but Yoo-hyun was different.

He was done.

There was really a similar part to golf.

He just had to think of hitting the ball sideways instead of hitting it down from above.

The only difference was that the ball was flying, but it was no different from a stationary ball if he knew the exact position and timing of its arrival.

The first one was a trial.

‘About 5 centimeters lower.’

The ball dropped that much when he drew a straight line.

It was different when he looked at it from afar and up close.

Vroom.

Yoo-hyun swung the bat once and raised his concentration.

The alcohol had worn off long ago.

It was quiet around him, and he felt like he was alone on stage.

He saw another ball flying.

Clang!

He hit it really well when he swung.

Crack!

The ball flew high and shook the green net attached to the top.

-Home run

The LED display showed the sign and his score went up a lot at once.

It was the same after that.

The balls that flew straight to the same spot felt like stationary golf balls to him.

He wasn't in a tournament, but he was good at golf at a pro level.

It was no problem for him to hit a big ball like this.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Crack. Crack. Crash.

When Yoo-hyun hit the last ball and came down, it happened.

Creak.

As the door opened, he saw the faces of his friends who were half-stunned.

Especially Hajoonsuk's face was worth seeing.

"The second round is on Junsuk, right?"

"Huh? Uh..."

Yoo-hyun's score was on the first place in the shop.

A big white bear doll was in his arms before he knew it.

"What are you doing? Let's go."

"..."

As Yoo-hyun went out first, Kim Hyunsoo finally came to his senses and said something.

"Is that guy really a studious guy?"

He said that because he couldn't understand it at all.

From the second round, to the third round karaoke, and then to the fourth round.

Yoo-hyun had fun with his friends without any restraint.

He had never done such a deviation in his life before.

“Ah.”

Yoo-hyun groaned as he held his head that felt like it was going to explode.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a strange room with bright lights.

When he turned his head to the side, he saw his friends lying on chairs.

“...”

He felt something wrong and looked around carefully.

He saw people wearing police uniforms.

Something was definitely wrong.

He put together the pieces of his memory and remembered lying on the street after drinking.

He had talked nonsense with those guys while looking at the stars in the night sky.

Someone reported them lying on the street, and then it was obvious what happened next.

He finished figuring out the situation and pretended to be humble.

“Haha, I’m sorry. I drank too much because I met my friends after a long time.”

“Ah, the smell of alcohol. Ugh.”

The police shook their heads in dismay.

He wanted to grab the heads of his friends who were still sleeping and squeeze them hard at that moment.

Ding dong!

Yoo-hyun came out of the police station and went back in with his friends again.

He had a bottle of energy drink in his hand.

“Hey, why did you come back?”

“Please take this. I’m so sorry and thank you very much.”

“What are you doing? You got scolded enough already.”

“You’re our lifesavers. This is not enough. Thank you so much.”

As Yoo-hyun and his friends bowed politely, the police chuckled softly.

“Hehehehehe, I’m glad you think so. Thank you.”